



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

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LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC APPOINTMENTS, &c.

Public and University Appointments

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

APPOINTMENTS are invited for a post of Senior Lecturer in the Department of History from 1970 to 1971. The appointments will be made on the basis of a written examination and interview. The successful candidate will be required to teach and supervise students. The salary is R1200 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch, 7700, by 15th February 1969.

Other Vacant Appointments

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APPOINTMENTS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant Librarian. The successful candidate will be required to assist the Librarian in the management of the library. The salary is £1000 per annum. Applications should be sent to the Librarian, Kestiven County Council, Kestiven, by 15th February 1969.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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HENRY FORDES WANTS

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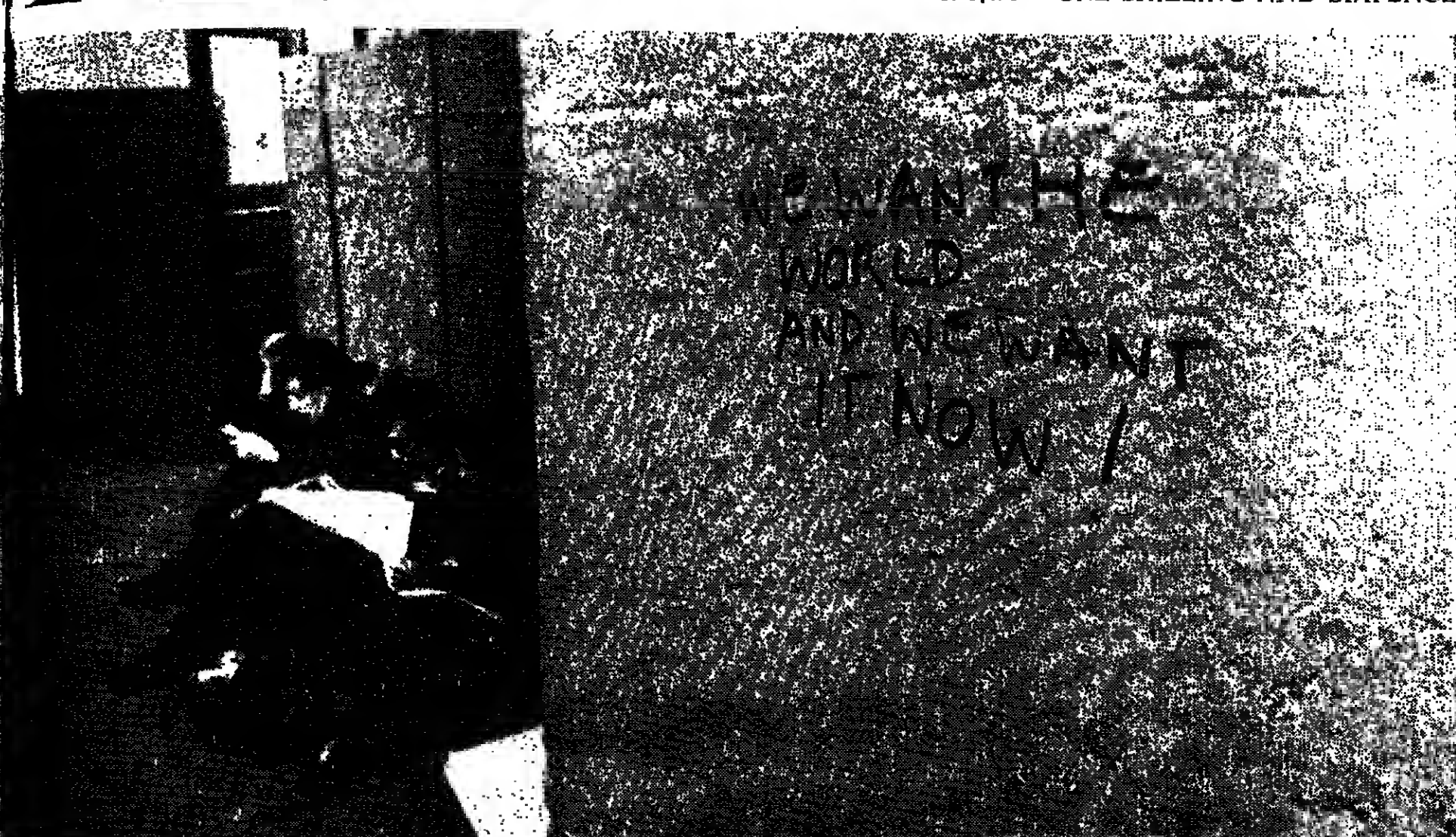
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TLS

THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY 27 FEBRUARY 1969 No. 3,496 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE



Students at the London School of Economics during the takeover of the School in October, 1968.

IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL REVOLUTION

It is certainly the art of the possible—but what is the possible? For the ordinary myopic philistine, the very different from what is happening already. Some-thing to keep the old ship and the common sense of man- kind that, most of the time, is entrusted to a reasonably competent navigator. Occasion- ally some light will try his hand and everything out of gear, but sooner or later on- board of a kind will be restored.

For this comfort- ing and comforting view of the poll- ing process, we are living in the age of upstarts, the most success- ful of whom think to terms not of the possible but of the actual. In pursuit of utopias, they accept "overwhelming" and win. One thinks of Lenin in his sealed train, of Khrushchev surveying the ruins of Anatolia, of Mao the desperate expedient of the March of Fidelity Castro, of twelve companions, con- sidering the light of the Sierra.

One also remembers, with the dithering of wild words, the light of such experiences it is not possible to dismiss the commonly youthful contributors of *Black Panthers*, *Paris students*, &c. Two books on Czechoslovakia 1968. Reputations 6—C. H. B. Kitchin, by Francis Kling. A good/bad monograph on Crome. Hofmannsthal's letters. John Carter on the prosecution of *The Rainbow*. Letters on Sicily, the Poetry Society, Defoe and the Swallows, Philistines and Jacobians, Freud and Shakespeare, &c.

have become even more uncomfortably challenging to the middle-aged, the respectable, the intellectually indolent and the politically apathetic. It is not the things they say, which are not highly original; nor the way they say them, which hores more often than it stimulates; but the spirit—or one has to use the wretched word—*Weltanschauung* that they represent. Consider what it is like at the beginning of the last third of the twentieth century. With most of one's life still to live, one sees man- kind, having just failed in two most determined efforts to destroy its civilization, poised on the brink of nuclear annihilation, while doing its damndest to ensure that should it by some miracle escape this fate, it will collectively perish as a result of excessive multiplication or the progressive poisoning of the environ- ment of both.

The image of the Qadaree Swine is, I judge, since the wretched animals are not rushing down a steep slope but being carried down it in vehicles they have proudly paid for, while enjoying the solace of an equally expensive programme of

cannot entertainment designed to make them forget the direction in which they are going. Can one wonder that it is precisely the young, educated and idealistic who have taken to expressing themselves with such "shocking" violence and even, on occasion, to using actual physical violence? If we are really surprised, then it is obvious that we richly deserve all the opprobrious things they say of us.

"We didn't believe like this in the 1930s," grumbles the grey-bearded ex-revolutionary. Of course he didn't. Unemployment may have been pushing at the three million mark and Hitler threatening war; but there was no H-Bomb, no population explosion that one would notice, and no threat of a "silent spring"—and there was the new-born Soviet Union, a little disfigured by birth-marks but never- theless pointing the way forward with proud and confident Leninist finger.

Let it be whispered, moreover, that young people, at a time when Ph.D.s were conducting buses, were very worried about their jobs and conse- quently did not want to offend too many of their elders too often.)

Politically, the present generation neither enjoys these advantages nor suffers from these inhibitions. "The revolution," as formerly conceived, has gone sour on it. Except among a few old cloth-capped party hacks, who have learnt nothing and forgot- ten nothing since they listened spell- bound in Harry Pollitt, there is no enthusiasm for the Soviet Union. Anyone who still has the temerity to suggest that it is leading anyone any- where except up the garden path is treated with silent contempt in places where people still think: "As for the regimes that claim to have kept their doctrine pure and to have returned to the 'sound' revolutionary practice, Yugoslavia is looking a little tar- nished, while China has descended into shadows where misshapen mon- sters wrestle obscurely. The People's Republic, of course, has its shrill advocates among the young, but it is obvious that they know as little of what is going on there as the com- munist of the 1930s knew of what was going on in the U.S.S.R.; and, on the evidence provided by these two symposia, Muammar divides rather than unites the new radicals.

Whereas some are as prepared to percolate the Thoughts as to repeat any other "Marxist" formulas that seem to come in handy, others are more critical. In *New Revolutionaries*, Bill Luckhurst, a journalist who was in China at the beginning of the Cul- tural Revolution, finds it necessary to warn the reader of his less-than-enthusiastic account against seeing the activities of the Red Guards as entirely "negative", while the two imprisoned Poles, Jacek Kuron and Karel Modzelewski, go so far as to allege that the "Chinese bureau- cracy" has been driven into alliance "with the forces of colonial revolu- tion" only as a result of its conflict with the "Soviet bureaucracy". This, no doubt, is Trotskyism—but a lot of the young radicals are Trotskyists of one sort or another.

The only two major revolutionary establishments that now arouse universal enthusiasm among the radicals are the Cuban and the Vietnamese. The latter, of course, offers a David- versus-Goliath image of heroic propo- ritions. Indeed, a cynic may well wonder how the radical left could go on without it, so obsessively does it dominate their thoughts. But of necessity it is still an inspiration for struggle rather than a model of achievement—a church militant rather than a church triumphant. As for Cuba, this thorn in America's side provides two figures, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, of enormous char- ismatic power. Yet the Cuban regime, which is more open to inspection by sympathizers than any of the others, provokes doubts that find intermittent expression. "To paint Cuba as a Utopia would be misrepresentation," writes Tahir Ali. "Admittedly there is a great deal of political freedom, but there is still considerable political repression. It is the veil of a real society."

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The only two major revolutionary establishments that now arouse universal enthusiasm among the radicals are the Cuban and the Vietnamese. The latter, of course, offers a David- versus-Goliath image of heroic propo- ritions. Indeed, a cynic may well wonder how the radical left could go on without it, so obsessively does it dominate their thoughts. But of necessity it is still an inspiration for struggle rather than a model of achievement—a church militant rather than a church triumphant. As for Cuba, this thorn in America's side provides two figures, Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, of enormous char- ismatic power. Yet the Cuban regime, which is more open to inspection by sympathizers than any of the others, provokes doubts that find intermittent expression. "To paint Cuba as a Utopia would be misrepresentation," writes Tahir Ali. "Admittedly there is a great deal of political freedom, but there is still considerable political repression. It is the veil of a real society."

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democracy and the trade unions are too bureaucratic.

The difficulty of finding a satisfactory "libertarian" church triumphant, free from Thermidorian menace, compels these young radicals either to adopt utopian positions or to preach the value of violent struggle almost for its own sake. Hence, while continuing to sympathize with their very real dilemma, one must take a coolly critical look at their ideas and policies.

The utopianism normally finds expression in a vision of a society, nowhere yet realized, where man will be "truly free": a vision of the same kind that informed the early works of Marx and sustained the endeavours of all those revolutionary veterans whose hopes—for reasons which few of their present-day successors make much effort to analyse—remain so sadly unfulfilled. The manner of expressing these familiar aspirations for a social order in which there will be no repression, no exploitation, no bureaucracy, no militarism, and universal "participation" is familiarly vague; for did not Marx himself teach us that the new order will be forged in struggle against the old and that therefore attempts to delineate its contours in advance are futile? Only the two Poles, in *New Revolutionaries*, make any attempt to describe what the new order will be like, and no contributor to either volume seems interested in the political, social and administrative problems which everyone knows are encountered by men who try to engineer drastic changes in established ways of living. But all, in spite of the clearest lessons of experience, appear to assume that however severe the new order's birthpangs may be, any disfigurement that may result can be readily rectified.

This devotion to the new easily merges into formal adherence to a myth whose sole justification is ideological fortification of those who are waging the struggle. In some of the contributions, particularly to Tariq Ali's symposium, revolutionary violence is presented as a "cleansing" experience, valuable almost irrespective of its actual consequences. We are asked to approve of Che's horrifyingly mindless slogan, "Create Two, Three, Many Vietnams", and to admire his advocacy of a hatred "that impels us over and beyond the natural limitations of man and transforms us into an effective, violent, selected and cold-killing machine". Eldridge Cleaver, in a "Black Panther" contribution of stark brutality, boasts of his party's determination to encompass the "total destruction of America" should "total liberty for black people" be refused. No one who is not himself a fanatic of comparable single-mindedness can imagine that these are the men who hold the keys to the solution of the

astonishingly complicated problems of the modern world. Thinking of themselves as potentially all-powerful witch-doctors, purveying a universal panacea, they are in fact no more than symptoms of the sicknesses of the societies that have reared them.

By contrast with the Guevaras and the Chevers, the students and junior teachers responsible for *Student Power* are a pretty provincially-minded lot, despite the frequent violence of their language. Those who write directly to the subject say little that is not already painfully familiar to dons and administrators involved in the weary, repetitive and time-consuming process of "confrontation". However, much one may sympathize with the dislike felt by these young people for the society in which they, like the rest of us, are doomed to spend their lives, one does wish that they would direct their shafts of frustrated anger towards some object other than the university itself—an institution which, with all its faults, is one of the best and not one of the worst that the "bourgeois" social order has created. One wishes that not only for the university's sake but for their own sake. One longs to make them see that they themselves, who are contributing a radical critique of society for which the university, so long as it retains its liberal traditions, provides the best possible forum, are in danger of destroying the base from which they operate.

Radical students, in a society such as ours, are in a peculiarly dangerous and exposed position. Only in very special circumstances (e.g. France in May, 1968) can they form an effective—and even then temporary and highly unstable—alliance with the working class in whose name they effect to speak. More normally, they are looked upon with suspicion and distrust as privileged trouble-makers, and all too often, as recent writers in *Survey* has demonstrated, the only effect of their activities is to provoke a reaction in which they and the university suffer alike.

That they, as a new generation "permissively" brought up, feeling scant respect for their elders, and regarding university education as a right rather than as a privilege, should press vigorously for curricular and organizational reforms is natural enough; and reforms there will be, although the smashing of gates and similar behaviour is likely to delay rather than to accelerate them. But that they should regard themselves as a kind of surrogate for a working class at present too besotted by bread and circuses to "do the job" for itself, and as revolutionary pioneers whose task is to capture the university fort and hold it until the proletariat

having learnt from bitter experience that bread is dry and circuses are tawdry, joins them in an assault on the main citadel of bourgeois power—all this would be comic if it were not so tragic.

As for the equation of "student power" with "workers' control", and the belief that, in defying the university authorities, students are waging the class struggle, these illusions scarcely merit serious criticism. Fortunately, there is a little evidence in this symposium itself that some of the radicals are beginning to become aware of the disastrous consequences to which such absurdities lead. Do they really want to "go Japanese" and spend their time in pitched battles with the police, while the university remains closed? Does this really help the proletarian revolution, or scare the daylight out of the American imperialists? The answers, one would have thought, are obvious: yet experience now suggests that there will always be some who deliberately refuse to listen to them—a hard core of coldly determined destroyers whose fanaticism will be assuaged by nothing less than the wrecking of university education. These, undoubtedly, will have to be dealt with—even, if necessary, at the cost of a temporary alliance with elements whose political liberalism is itself a danger.

Yet what of the critique of bourgeois ideology with which *Student Power* tries to justify its attempt to intensify any distrust that already exists between the students and most of their teachers? In the hands of Robin Blackburn, a university teacher himself, and Perry Anderson, the editor of *New Left Review*, it is not very effective. Neither writer appears to possess the intellectual capacity of the older generation of Marxist scholars, as represented by a Hobsbawm or Kiernan. Mr. Blackburn, in his "Brief Guide to Bourgeois Ideology", tells us that, although "the first concern of a revolutionary student movement will be direct confrontation with authority, whether in the colleges or on the barricades", the "preparation and development of such a movement has always entailed a searching critique of the dominant ideas about politics and society", since "in this way practice and theory reinforce one another". His method of reinforcement is to wield a great big Marxist stick, heavy with quotations. Naturally, he finds plenty of suitable targets, particularly in his own field of sociology, but is betrayed, as people of his stamp generally are, by dogmatic overconfidence. He knows the answers, because Marx has told him, while his motley collection of bourgeois opponents are mere apologists for the indefensible, to be exposed and ridiculed. Mr. Anderson is more serious,

His theme is that, in most of its components, British national culture is irredeemably philistine and that it has been rescued from complete sterility only by the importation of a number of "White" refugee savants (e.g. Wittgenstein, Malinowski, Nannerl, Popper, Berlin, Gombrich, Eisenack and Klein) who, in performing their rescue operation, have simultaneously reinforced its reactionary characteristics.

The nice thing about Mr. Anderson is his real appreciation of intellectual originality—even when he disagrees most fundamentally with the point of view of its possessor. His thesis, however, rests on the shakiest of foundations. It begins by excluding two major disciplines, economics and literary criticism, in which the intellectual domination of two "natives", Keynes and Leavis, is both admitted and proclaimed. Oddly enough, it also excludes "the natural sciences at the one extreme and creative art at the other" on the curious ground that these are not "obviously relevant and amenable to a political and structural analysis" (would Engels have shied at it?).

So out go "at one extreme", our great "native" physicists, chemists and biologists, not to mention a very distinguished collection of technologists, and "at the other", a most splendid array of "native" painters, sculptors, poets and musicians. Having accepted these exclusions on Mr. Anderson's say-so, one is left wondering why, in political science, Sir Isaiah Berlin should be regarded as so much more important than—say—Harold Laski or R. H. Tawney or even T. D. Weldon, W. G. Runciman and W. J. M. Mackenzie; why, in history, Sir Lewis Namier should be hoisted as such an event at the expense of Hugh Trevor-Roper, Arnold Toynbee, E. H. Carr, Christopher Hill, Lawrence Stone, Rodney Hilton, Edward Thompson, Eric Hobsbawm and George Rude (don't Marxists count in this particular exercise?); or why, in aesthetics, no notice should be taken of the work of Herbert Read, Donald Tuvey, Deryck Cooke, or the two Ellis, Clive and Quentin? Even more curiously, this highly selective discourse is suddenly interrupted to take note of a worthy "native" tradition of anthropology which, alas, is not considered sufficient compensation for our sociological infantilism and our philosophical senility.

Is it true that "a White emigration rolled across the flat expanse of English intellectual life, capturing sector after sector, until this traditionally insular culture became dominated by expatriates of heterogeneous calibre"? It is not true; it is merely a piece of special pleading to "prove" that the "chloroforming

effect" of our "cultural" tradition "what words! have left of "any source of categories with which to view our own society", and that the only critique possible is provided by a revolutionary "struggle" in the "student struggle". In the "student struggle" Mr. Anderson is reduced to advocating a militant, why should you teachers, Oh should you have no minds of their own, being the slaves of their expatriate. What should we think? We should not think. Come off it, Mr. Anderson, have heard this kind of thing in some pretty nice texts.

The other contributions, might expect, are of a more Alexander Cockburn nature: here noises; Gareth Stedman-Jones, "The Meaning of the Sixties", generalizes widely; David Adelman disfigures the history of the British system of education; Linda Tinkler, a very perceptive and moderate vignette of college education; poor the Huddersfield student, his papers, says his, the iniquity of examining; Nairn and Jim Singh-Singh, "The reasons for 'Chaos' in the Revolution", David Mercer, "The Revolution: Festival of the Revolution", and a list of the alleged "mutilation" of the National Union of Students.

Tristram, slams the CHA, Huddersfield provides a detailed account of student life in other countries; and C. G. Campaigning on the like Falwin Lattwak makes much-publicized Cup should be as useful to the as to the advocates of the book ends with a typical "Marxist" mystification by herbert Marcuse and a manifesto students.

Both symposia deserve for the new revolutionaries, on all the campus, must seriously. In some parts, (e.g. Latin America) they have history on their side; they may help to loosen the bit, by inducing our "establishment" figures to their continuously set positions. But, in the end, they are a little farther and faster solution. All one can certainly is that, despite results of their activities, they are different from any other, expect. That is the fact of the matter.

One day in the life of a revolutionary festival

BY MICHAEL KUSTOW

East University on Monday, February 10, the Revolutionary Festival began: a three-day festival of seminars, films, theatre, and activities organized by the students who wished to explore the human creativity and revolutionary struggle. On the Sunday night they had the poster out of his desk and a bunch of keys so that they could go to lecture-rooms for their activities. David Mercer, Adelman and I had been invited on the Monday to lead a seminar on "Revolutionary Education". It was a very busy day on the campus.

They began by asking who had produced the "Manifesto of Rationalism". Apparently, a group of anarchist-situationalist students, who had taken over control of the festival from the organizing group on the Saturday night, thinking the chief organizer in the fountain and accusing him of sexual impotence. I stood up and reported on my conversation with the building labourers, and said that burning a car obviously did very little to cement student-worker solidarity. General murmurings of assent, though someone said the working class had to be so antagonized that they would attack the students themselves, and thus arrive at a true class-consciousness.

Mercer and Arden tried to open up the subject of the seminar. Arden spoke of his wish to find new contexts for a play, outside the channels of the bourgeois theatre, to create a new social frame for a theatre performance. He described the work of various "urban guerrilla" theatre groups, and said that gradually, with increased experience through performing, these groups would acquire more professional skill and form the basis for a new kind of theatre to which writers like himself could contribute. "The word professional went down badly. What did he mean by skill?" The ability to be heard at the back of the hall, for example.

Mercer described what he had been trying to do in his television plays and films. Dealing with schizophrenia and madness for him was a political gesture, pointing to personal disintegration as an index of a social sickness. Unlike Arden, he said, he couldn't work collectively with street theatre groups for example; his was Joyce's way. "Silence, exile, and cunning", the writer alone creating the text and only later handing it over for collective creation by actors, designer, director. A girl picked a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard behind him the words SICK YOU. Someone rushed in and said that posters were being torn down and help was needed. Several people rushed out.

Suddenly the room was filling with smoke. Someone had lit off a smoke-firework. I recognized him as a creator of happenings, a young man recently out of art-school who had staged in a London post-club a series of happenings designed to lift the scales off people's eyes. The discussion broke up, the room was full of angry voices asking why smoke, okay it's smoke, okay you've stopped the discussion, now what? But that's the point, he said, all this discussion in schools, academies, so many words. What's wrong with words, someone shouted. Stalemate, *suble question*.

I tried to restart the discussion. Some of the students had told me they had performed a piece of street theatre on Saturday morning in Colchester market, a piece designed to make people aware of the lies in the press. They had chanted round the market, "This is the Press! These are the Facts! This is the Truth!", and interspersed the slogans with readings from obviously distorted press-quotes. They felt this action had been successful, many Colchester people had been stopped in their tracks, a handful had started a real conversation with the students. What did they intend to do now, I asked. More street theatre, about local Colchester issues, perhaps? Campos theatre, dramatizing the contradictions of the university itself, for the benefit of the majority of the students who, on this first day of the Revolutionary Festival were still continuing their normal lectures? Why had they not prepared such a theatre-piece specially for the Festival?

No time, they said. We're just learning how to do it. Yes, we shall do things like that, if there are enough people who will work seriously at the

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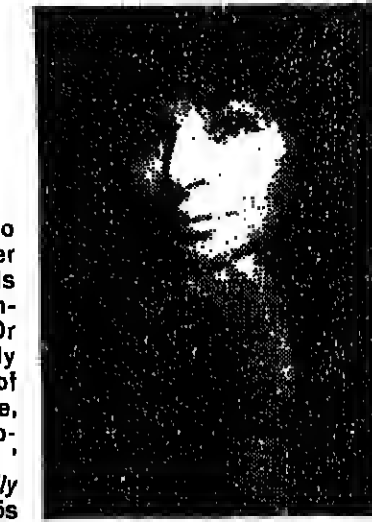
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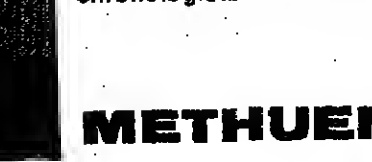
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In orbit over the Empire

E. J. HOBBS: *Industry and Empire*. 336pp. Weldenfeld and Nelson. £2.10s.

Textbooks of this extensive survey kind (276 pages for British history from the industrial revolution to the present day, with a further 60 pages of diagrams and maps) cannot fail to intrude the informed reader at some points along the way. This is a belated notice, and it has been said already elsewhere that this book is very good. That can be confirmed: it is a good book, and an admirable introduction for the general reader or undergrad. It is also an uneven book, some parts of which are challenging and original and other parts of which are bland or perfunctory, but this does not diminish its value.

Dr. Hobbs is impatient of detail, and even at times impatient of fact. A high proportion of his facts are expressed in numerical form and sometimes give a spurious impression of hardness and indisputability, whereas in fact they conceal conflicting evidence and evade the need for important qualifications. This is in part the result of his own disposition towards a stern quantitative historical realism.

Yet it is, far more, the result of a decision to write general history, not at a descriptive but at an analytic level. This is where the book succeeds so well. From the challenging introductory chapter, we are invited to see history as the hawk or the helmeted aviator—even, perhaps, as the commonwealth—might see it, with a detachment which insists upon large temporal phrasing and a high level of generalization.

Dr. Hobbs' analysis of the industrial revolution advances little upon his previous terse analysis in *The Age of Revolution* (although one notes some prompting here and there from David Landes), but many points are enlarged and clarified. His chapters on the second phase of industrialization and on Britain in the world economy contain more

original analysis, often in the well-pointed but suggestive form which is calculated to incite a seminar or an examinee in "Discussions". It is in the analysis of late-Victorian imperialism that something new, important, and questionable is offered: imperialism is seen as a pseudo-resolution of problems, specific to the British economy, Britain's early start in industrialization and her consequent projection into the position of the world's workshop, whereby Britain chose the safe option of exploiting her world financial and commercial hegemony at the cost of postponing more fundamental economic readjustment and readjustments.

It is a provocative thesis, a sophisticated re-working of some of the emphases of Hobson rather than of Lenin. It leaves one illuminated but uneasy, not only because it is not substantiated in detail, but also because it excludes from the analytic framework large non-economic determinants of imperialism, while at the same time offering explanations for phenomena which were themselves, in large part, non-economic. (Dr. Hobbs' lines throughout his book differ many a time and swift insights into social, political and cultural phenomena: it is not always evident that these judgments arise from his own wide reading and observation in these fields, and come from regions altogether outside the rather bleak numerical framework of evidence which sets the terms of reference of his book.)

This analysis of the false imperialist resolution is made at about the mid-point of his study; thereafter the thesis is never lost sight of and, indeed, becomes a principal line of explanation running from the 1880s to the 1960s. As we come to the past two decades, the tone of detached authority is so assured, the analysis carries with it such a sense of the inevitability of historic process, that one turns impatiently at the conclusion to read the next instalment: the chapters on the 1980s and 1990s. Surely an author so cool and confident in his diagnosis of our present ailments, among all the

hanging and contradictory nostrums of the time, must also be able to tell us exactly how the inevitabilities of the last year will lead to the inevitabilities of the year after next? One looks impatiently for bulletins from the Hobbsian Long-Range Historical Forecast Station.

And this is, indeed, to isolate the greatest virtue of the book. It convinces, as no comparable textbook does, that history matters, that our current predicament is inexplicable except within the terms of historical argument, that anomalies of Britain which lack this dimension are thin and insubstantial. The sixth-former or university student seeking to find a subject which helps him to understand his own world, and reading this book, will see in history a discipline quite as relevant as sociology or mathematical economics.

Moreover, a related virtue of Dr. Hobbs' analytic method is that he shows the reader how to ask historical questions, how to set them out and argue them, how to resist immersion in trivia, how to scrutinize those hidden conceptual assumptions which often decide the criteria by which facts are selected. In all these ways *Industry and Empire* succeeds. In its actual analysis and conclusions, all remains open to question. It is curious to find a Marxist historian so detached that he appears to forget at times: as Marx never forgot that it is men who make their own history, Dr. Hobbs' remarks at one point: "By the sixteenth century it was fairly obvious that, if industrial revolution occurred anywhere in the world, it would be somewhere within the European economy." To what godlike mind could this have been obvious? A quibble about words, perhaps: but the historical omniscience in his nihilist often miss the hand-in-hand struggles, the patches of blood in the sand.

And for all this detachment, Dr. Hobbs' analysis is peculiarly direct.

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A. Symons, as his brother called him, was a brilliant introduction between two ambitions: to be a writer and to be a man of letters. His social self was a young man and ran it single-mindedly for nearly twenty years, and he was not partially fulfilled by the second. He was not partially fulfilled by the second. He was not partially fulfilled by the second.

No doubt it is right that we leave it to the 1980s to tell us exactly how the inevitabilities of the last year will lead to the inevitabilities of the year after next? One looks impatiently for bulletins from the Hobbsian Long-Range Historical Forecast Station.

And this is, indeed, to isolate the greatest virtue of the book. It convinces, as no comparable textbook does, that history matters, that our current predicament is inexplicable except within the terms of historical argument, that anomalies of Britain which lack this dimension are thin and insubstantial.

Moreover, a related virtue of Dr. Hobbs' analytic method is that he shows the reader how to ask historical questions, how to set them out and argue them, how to resist immersion in trivia, how to scrutinize those hidden conceptual assumptions which often decide the criteria by which facts are selected.

In all these ways *Industry and Empire* succeeds. In its actual analysis and conclusions, all remains open to question. It is curious to find a Marxist historian so detached that he appears to forget at times: as Marx never forgot that it is men who make their own history, Dr. Hobbs' remarks at one point: "By the sixteenth century it was fairly obvious that, if industrial revolution occurred anywhere in the world, it would be somewhere within the European economy."

To what godlike mind could this have been obvious? A quibble about words, perhaps: but the historical omniscience in his nihilist often miss the hand-in-hand struggles, the patches of blood in the sand.

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graphically as a work of art, deliberately selective, concerned less with the presentation of facts than with the encounter between the biographer and his subject. But Symons did not de-hum the eminent; he so to say, embodied the brilliant, disconcerting in such forgotten figures as Theophile

Book or Irving and the lyrical occasions for wonder and delight in human oddity. He had the priceless gift of the biographer, curiosity; and whereas as a social creature he did not succeed, the dandyism being always a disguise which distressed one, because it failed to fit, to hide, the questing, uncertain personality within, dandyism sat him elegantly as a writer. "A biographer should choose his subject as a dandy chooses his suit," he wrote, "remembering out and time as much as texture."

He had a fine anticipation of what was going to be valuable. His choice of lives was as prescient as his collection of musical boxes. Emin Pasha and Stanley, Burton and Speke, as beautifully encapsulated as any of Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*, were to be exploited later at fuller length by others. But his miniatures remain gems.

For Symons, biography was an oblique form of autobiography. He was never quite at ease playing himself to the wine and food society, though it was easier than writing. He was too conscious of putting on an act, which had to appear natural. But in writing of Oscar Wilde or Baron Corvo he could prevent himself as the self-conscious performer.

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explaining, apologizing for and commending the excellence in men of talent, or near-genius, who were for one reason or other as flawed as himself. He did this with an elegance and assurance which make these studies many of them first written but then curiously futile literary dishing club. The *Sette di Uddi* (Vintages) minor masterpieces.

Corvo was of course his perfect mask. Julian Symons says:

Corvo was a man with something to hide, and A. J. also wore a mask to conceal some aspects of his background and personality. What had he got to hide? In an obvious sense, nothing very much: the fact that his father was a Russian Jewish immigrant, something he never openly acknowledged, that the family name was assumed and the original name uncertain, that his state school education had ended when he was fourteen, that he had no money. Trivialities? They are trivial to me, and would have been so perhaps to most people, but not to a man who intended to build his life of social career. The mystery in which he trapped his origins led to all kinds of speculations about him, like two mentioned by Anthony Powell, that he had begun life as a stable boy or was the son of an immensely rich racing man. When, in "The Temants of Glenconner", written near the end of his life, he expressed his envy of "a cobbler near our house, the fella of whose shop song the noble name of De Launay" he was making an admission which might have been impossible for him a decade earlier.

Symons in life was a poseur. Effect was more important than fact. There were two pieces in this collection on Corvo. They differ from *The Queen* because Symons, always selective, knew what was necessary for balance. He was in the narrow sense, as well as the wide, an artist. He would include in his canvas only what was relevant in the legend.

As a result, we become even more interested as we study his works in the artist himself than in the subjects which he chose.

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Moral thriller

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD: *Wyndham Lewis*. 180pp. New York: Twayne. \$3.75.

Comments on Wyndham Lewis have generally been disciples who assumed rather than demonstrated the supremacy as a literary artist which is by no means universally granted to him, or critics motivated by a basic hostility towards his attitudes and ideas. Mr. Pritchard is an American critic, too young to feel personal involvement in the political arguments that have blurred much writing about Lewis. His short study is the most reasoned and sensible view of Lewis's literary achievement that has yet appeared, treating him neither as visionary sage nor Fascist demon but primarily as a literary artist of variable genius.

The value of this approach can be seen particularly in his very fresh view of the novels. Severely critical of both *The Apes of God* and *Childermas* which, he says, "share the gloomy distinction of having been left unfinished by more people than any other piece of modern fiction", he praises and analyses in rewarding detail *The Revenge for Love*, *The Vulgar Struck* and *Snooty Bummer*, the first two of which "mark a successful solution to the real problem of his literary career — that of the satirist's relation to life".

In all his work Lewis was concerned with the morality of the age, but only in these three novels was he able to subordinate his own personality sufficiently to order the mechanics of a coherent story. The plots he chose were remarkably similar to those used in other hands for thrillers. The outcome of *The Revenge for Love* depends upon the deceit practised on the innocent Victor and Margot, who are carrying a load of bricks instead of guns; the hero of *The Vulgar Struck* is a con-terfeller; *Snooty Bummer* is concerned with a mock-kidnapping in Persia for publicity purposes which ends in an act of violence. In these novels Lewis is using the material of the thriller with deliberate moral intentions, to show the false values of his society.

With the almost total failure of these books Lewis abandoned fiction for more than a decade, and returned to it with works which, although often moving as the "Last Will and Testament" (Mr. Pritchard's phrase) of a partly defeated artist, show a sad loss in power and concentration. These three books written in the 1930s, represent with *Tarr* the peak of his achievement as a novelist, and they remain extraordinarily undervalued. Only one of them is in print and none is in paperback, yet like *Tarr* (which is also discussed here at length) they all have great relevance to the questions about the nature and meaning of violence which preoccupied Camus and Sartre and which are the subject of many novels and films today.

The social and philosophical writings are dealt with adequately, although in a way less strikingly original. A good deal of the trivial pamphleteering is rightly ignored (*One-Way Song* is ignored too, with much less justification) and the therapeutic value of the criticism of the "Time-philosophy" is acknowledged, although the distance from events which serves Mr. Pritchard so well in writing about the fiction has its disadvantage here in a failure to grasp quite how important Lewis's view of what proved to be a non-existent future was at the time. The best criticism of him as a thinker remains Edgell Rickword's early essay in *The Criterion* and Walter Allen's brilliant assessment in *Encounter* on the publication of the letters. As an introduction to the scope of Lewis's achievement as an imaginative prose writer, however, this study is admirably clear, concise and intelligent.

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A poetry of plunder

BASIL HUNTING: *Collected Poems*. 159pp. Fulcrum Press. 35s.

RICHARD EBERHART: *Shifts of Being*. 88pp. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

LAUREN NIEDECKER: *North Central*. Pages unnumbered. Fulcrum Press. 25s.

HARVEY GROSS: *Plans for an Orderly Apocalypse and Other Poems*. 43pp. University of Michigan Press. London: Barrie and Rockliff: The Cresset Press. 35s.

Mr. Hunting has always had a good ear for idiom and cadence, and an eye for evocative detail. He has hunted continually for fresh experience to which he could give an immediate response. He has found languages to master, new places to make his habitation, epochs of history to digest, other people to inspect. But in the long run these self-imposed demands committed him to a series of challenges that wasted his versatility. What he has always required was a meaning proper to his art. What he has ended up with is a faith that art is meaning. In his *Collected Poems* he parades exotic loci like a showing of *haute couture*. We are to gaze at the bold juxtaposition of slang and archaism, colloquial syntax and poetic inversion. We are to stare gratefully at events recovered from medieval Japan and files carried home from Persian mosques. Our eyes are to dazzle with the montage that makes Venns a Cypriot whore, turns Kyoto into New York, or identifies Villon with Hunting.

As for the point of it all? We learn that true art is ennobling and false art is immoral, that technology spoils line landscapes, and that the creative imagination can transform sordid humiliations into poetry. Lessons as dubious or commonplace as these lie already stored up in enough slender volumes; and Mr. Hunting's aptness of eye and ear only makes one wish he might fix his mind awhile on plainer things and rarer thoughts. It is a bleak comment on his decades of striving to perfect a style that when he at last chooses to celebrate his Northumbrian beginnings the vision should recall William

Morris's picturesque medievalism. Finally, bubbling among lyric, exotic, earthy, and historic surfaces are the ironies and sarcasms: epigrams that lack reverberation and bitterness that needs particularity. If Mr. Hunting had less talent, these complaints would be pointless. But phrase after phrase demonstrates his command of resources that better-known poets have not acquired: e.g., on Libya in wartime:

... ready-made villages clamped on
empty, Arabs feeding vines to goats;
at last orchards aligned, girls hawked
by their mothers
from tent to tent, Tripoli dark
under a cone of tracers.

Mr. Eberhart's problem is almost the reverse. He knows perhaps only too well what he means. All he wants is the power to convey it. Fourteen years ago, Wallace Stevens thought Mr. Eberhart was "really getting under way". But *Great Prayers*, which appeared soon afterward, came full of expressions like "halcyon glow" and "indefectible meanings", and had nothing in it to match the early, death-obsessed (and overrated) poem "The Groundhog". *The Quarry* followed five years ago, opening with an ambitious long poem "The Kite". Again one regretted the weakness of the language and the barrenness of the simile. In a fallen kite—"Quickly dnbed this sail, delicate as sensation"; a dead woman "Her loss is as something beautiful in air". Again the poet reached for Wordsworthian intuitions and secured unconvincing assertions of vague ecstasy. In *Shifts of Being*, Mr. Eberhart makes one suspect again that he works too hard on the end and not enough on the means. The great old themes are here: mortality, regenerative communion with landscape, the breach between man and nature. So are an aging man's dislike of change and nostalgia for things past. So also are insignificant rhythms and grating rhymes, non-cumulative repetitions. Most sadly one notices how seldom he possesses the right words for the images he yearns in set before us, and these in turn hardly suggest the frictions he felt before his originals.

He comes nearest success in a few short, hard poems like "Memory". There must be time when you, too, dream Of the perfection of the evening music Glancing from the resistance of the curtains To seal the heart in certain silences.

sized format and lopsided layout, confusing the beginnings, middles, and ends of her poems. She finds her theme in the relation between a region and its people. Natural history and local history are drawn together in short, breath-long lines of free verse. The three-stepped line of W. C. Williams

Dedication

Your presence, love,
like the underlight
of trees within a cloud,
that quiet pleasure
I would always predict,
often request.

But to tell you,
somehow shiver
this pleasure in writing,
always unbidden,
seldom predicted
and solitary.

This your request of me
and I return
promise to share
these ten years past
yet find no words,
time like your presence.

PETER NILE

When the possibilities of an earthly
play among the shadows of the curtains
And, invisibly, descend upon the flesh
Suspense of being, benediction and
essence.

Miss Niedecker is a modest, cheerful writer whose publisher has served her ill in *North Central* with an over-

plants supplies the form of several poems, especially the last and longest, "Wintergreen Ridge", in which the book culminates. Miss Niedecker often tries to let the succession of images carry so much implication that a few discursive touches and cool hints of her own attitude will point us to the generalizations of her mind.

German verses for eye and ear

PAUL CELAN: *Friedenslieder*. 121pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM 12.
ERICH FRIED: *Zeltfragen*. 93pp. Munich: Carl Hanser. DM 2.80.
ERNST JANDL: *sprechblasen*. 95pp. Berlin: Luchterhand. DM 9.80.
GERHARD RÜHM: *Fenster*. 244pp. Hamburg: Rowohlt. DM 19.80.

To anyone asking what is going on in West German poetry today these four volumes provide a good answer: *Friedenslieder*—a new collection by Paul Celan, the most considerable poet of his generation; *Zeltfragen*—a further volume of committed poetry from Erich Fried, whose incredibly prolific spell continues; *sprechblasen*—a new collection of (mostly) phonic poems by one of the foremost practitioners of the genre, Ernst Jandl; and, for good measure, *Fenster*—the collected work of Gerhard Rühm, one of the leading Austrian experimental poets of the late 1950s. All that is lacking to make this a truly representative cross-section of West German poetry today is an example of the "new" realism favoured by many of the best young poets, for instance, Heiner Busian (whose *Beobachtungen im Luftmeer* was reviewed here on February 7).

Although Paul Celan's work is bigly original and accomplished, it is also bigly ambiguous in every sense. It is not only that his poetry, even more than Trakl's, is itself "ambiguously ambiguous"; it is also poetry whose greatest strengths are at the same time its most obvious weaknesses. He has long since broken through the barrier of silence which threatened him after his first three collections; but his poetry has continued to bear the stigma of silence in the sense of being a kind of "tober elus". Celan, has consistently won new shades of meaning from his German language, has made it perform in previously unheard-of ways; but his magical German of his does tend to be an esoteric, *Gedächtnis* whose associations are known to the poet alone. Many of his poems cannot be fully appreciated without reference to other poems, and this is particularly true of these latest poems in *Friedenslieder*.

which are even denser and more intranslatable than before. Many of the eye-images, for instance, only make sense in the context of the obsessive eye-complex as a whole.

Though his avowed aim is the discovery of reality, what he discovers or creates is an inner reality (compare Rilke's "Nirgends, Geliebte, wird Welt sein, als innen") that has only tenuous, verbal connections with what is generally understood by reality. Whether this post-Symbolist poetry in the tradition of Mallarmé and late Rilke is as appropriate in 1969 as it was in 1949, or even 1959, is an inevitable question. Besides, Celan's range may have developed considerably in his most recent collections, but the style has not. There is a parallel with another (very different) poet: R. S. Thomas. The present reviewer admires R. S. Thomas's work no less than Paul Celan's, but is similarly disappointed when each successive volume is so much the same as its predecessor. Surely there is something wrong when a poet goes on writing in the same way for twenty years: either he is the victim of his own style—or better, manner—or he has nothing new to say.

Erich Fried's *Zeltfragen* is his third new book of poems in his many years, quite apart from the recent new edition of his first major collection (*Gedichte*, 1958) under the title *Gedichte und Gegenstände*. It contains a further selection of personal and political poems in the manner of *Anfechtungen* (1967), and is therefore most welcome. But in the circumstances more interest inevitably attaches to Fried's next collection. Having departed the B.B.C. after seventeen years, it seems likely that the political element in his work will become even more dominant than in the past few years; whether the spectacle of Soviet imperialism in action in Czechoslovakia will save him as a writer remains to be seen—but his many friends and admirers will hope that it does. They certainly did not enjoy seeing the new Stalinism making nonsense of his faraway broadcast (reprinted in *Kirchbühnen*). *sprechblasen* is a new volume by Ernst Jandl, who collected *Laut und Leise* appeared in 1966. It contains

anthologized in *Ernst Jandl: An Anthology of Concrete Poetry* and several texts written in a more recent style. What is new is the approach. Jandl now seems to be approaching the optical element. He has of his experiments in "linguistic material" (referred to in his poems) as a performer of phonic poetry. But these new texts depend on the effect of phonic poetry as a collection of better-than-average typewriter concrete. What label "poetry" should be attached to such texts (whether by Jandl or by other writers) is another question, however effective in various such concrete texts have been common with mystical, cabalistic formulas. The "poetry" as such.

Following his anthology *Ernst Jandl: An Anthology of Concrete Poetry*, we now have from *Fenster*, a collection of Rühm's own main work from 1966. Gerhard Rühm—like Rühm, Friedrich Achleitner and Wald Wegner—was of course a member of the working collective Vicoon Group, which is likely remembered above all because Rühm was a founder-member, but also because it produced a number of interesting and substantial experimental work, particularly in the fields of dialect and phonic play, and of experimental theatre. Rühm's *Fenster* contains many different types, the most accessible and arguably best of all within the category of concrete poetry: both Rühm and Achleitner are major contributors to the movement. Here visual form and sound pattern operate simultaneously. Rühm is a composer. Rühm was the first poet since Laotz to make use of typographical play to achieve visual depth. To be a poet, for concrete poetry, depends for its effect upon a combination of striking inventiveness and visual memorability. This is what Rühm's work is, and it is sufficiently intelligible (particularly in the case of the

Not tragedy but tragedies

NICHOLAS BROOKE: *Shakespeare's Early Tragedies*. 214pp. Methuen. 21s.

The method is like Bradley's, but less endive and more, though not more reliable, we move hesitantly from the early explorations to the more fully developed tragedies. Miss Niedecker speaks more fully of the method. Many of the four tragedies are treated as a continuous argument. As such it is well worth reading. Mr. Brooke is a sensitive analyst of style: for example, these six essays all examine the opening scenes of the respective plays and find some fresh things to say about them—even about the celebrated first scene of *Hamlet*. He is also responsive to the use of stage emblems, the devices Shakespeare uses to place emphasis on an episode or incident. And he is good at finding ways of talking about the imaginative pressures which give shape to each play's "world". Among the best things in the book are the essays on *Titus Andronicus* to which Mr. Brooke finds "a tremendous inventiveness, and intelligence" and on *Hamlet* to which, but very sympathetic chapter.

In *Richard III* Mr. Brooke sees a fruitful conflict between the sense of history and the sense of tragedy. "History represents a crushing weight of retribution," and in the world of the play "to be good, is to submit to the crushing weight; the only resistance possible is the way of deliberate evil." The final effect of *Richard III* is to make of Richard—however paradoxical it may sound of such a monster of wickedness—a representative of humanity, a type of Mankind, even "an emblem of the tragic enlightenment of man". This is an original and striking view of the play; but one may feel of it, as of

several other such interpretative passages in this book, that it needs fuller argument to be made as effective and convincing as it might be. At those points which require careful argument Mr. Brooke tends to resort to a theoretical assertiveness, even to a dubious use of metaphor: "Mankind, here, is no more than dead skulls on the slimy bottom of the deep; and if any jewel shines in the eyeless socket, it is not Richmond, but Richard himself." This sort of argument, at the book's conclusion, with a sense of uncertainty as to how solid and substantial Mr. Brooke's insights have really been.

The chapter on *Romeo and Juliet* makes an acute commentary on the play's imaginative ambivalences, and finally "places" the erotic experience of the hero and heroine as "the love-death embrace of the sonneteer tradition, which regards both its superiority and its inferiority to the world of common day". Much of this chapter is excellent, although one would like more evidence that Shakespeare intended to bring out the "inferiority" of Romeo and Juliet's love: a good deal of Mr. Brooke's commentary relies on noticing that he says at one point what something is "not" rather than "what it is"; but the result may be to place an emphasis foreign to Shakespeare's intentions. Moreover in his analysis of Juliet's speech "Gallop away, you fiery-footed steeds", he injures his case by what seem to be some misreadings which are gross in more senses than one. According to Mr. Brooke, "Juliet's desire for night becomes a cluster of powerfully associated ideas: night, of course, is sexy; it is blindness; it is the 'madness of a hush'." The last phrase is prompted by Juliet's "Thou

civil-suited matron, all in black". Mr. Brooke's interpretation of this as a brothel-keeper seems in defiance of the obvious meaning. Juliet surely means what she plainly says: night is like a soberly dressed matron, a respectable married woman, not a brothel. Similarly, according to Mr. Brooke, Juliet "must experience the wish to be a whore in the fullest sense"—but, again, Juliet's frank sensuality is not whorish, and it is a coarse distortion which tries to make it so. One wonders, too, how many readers will be an apt with the meaning of the words in the following parenthesis when, after quoting the lines

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars...

Mr. Brooke comments: "This 'gentle night' is death: both in the seventeenth century sense as orgasm thence the extraordinary image 'cut him out in little stars', but also as literal death."

The chapter on *Julius Caesar* also suffers as it seems, to one reader from a few serious lapses of judgement. This reading of the play is excessively detached, at times mockingly flippant, e.g., "Brutus' suicide is overdone, as everybody coyly declines to kill him, but it is certainly not deliberate farce...". This kind of comment—"coyly"—"not deliberate farce"—makes one regret that Mr. Brooke has something of the extreme over-cleverness, even Alexandrianism, of contemporary Shakespeare criticism, which allows itself to get distracted from the mainstream of sense and feeling into wild, even silly, marginalia. At such moments Mr. Brooke is not a good guide to what is happening on the stage.

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Ambiguity overcome

ROBERT JAY LIFTON: *Jeun Rotrou*. 100pp. Paris: Armand Colin. 100f.

Rotrou wrote some thirty-five plays between 1630 and 1650. These plays are mostly successful in their day and several are still well worth reading. But they are never performed and it is a fair guess that hardly any student has ever read them except in a collection of better-than-average typewriter concrete. What label "poetry" should be attached to such texts (whether by Rotrou or by other writers) is another question, however effective in various such concrete texts have been common with mystical, cabalistic formulas. The "poetry" as such.

Following his anthology *Ernst Jandl: An Anthology of Concrete Poetry*, we now have from *Fenster*, a collection of Rühm's own main work from 1966. Gerhard Rühm—like Rühm, Friedrich Achleitner and Wald Wegner—was of course a member of the working collective Vicoon Group, which is likely remembered above all because Rühm was a founder-member, but also because it produced a number of interesting and substantial experimental work, particularly in the fields of dialect and phonic play, and of experimental theatre. Rühm's *Fenster* contains many different types, the most accessible and arguably best of all within the category of concrete poetry: both Rühm and Achleitner are major contributors to the movement. Here visual form and sound pattern operate simultaneously. Rühm is a composer. Rühm was the first poet since Laotz to make use of typographical play to achieve visual depth. To be a poet, for concrete poetry, depends for its effect upon a combination of striking inventiveness and visual memorability. This is what Rühm's work is, and it is sufficiently intelligible (particularly in the case of the

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These plays which will be of value to students of French literature.

The book is given a traditional division into three parts, two of which in their turn divide into three chapters (as is only fitting in a study of a rather capricious playwright, this symmetry is broken by a final part with only two chapters). In the first part, M. Morel runs somewhat mechanically over the main themes of the plays and attempts with varying success to link them all to his main thesis: that Rotrou's theatre is essentially concerned with bringing order from disorder—"l'ambiguïté surmontée nous apparaît... comme l'unique sujet des œuvres théâtrales du poète".

This contention is demonstrated much more clearly (though not without some symmetrical repetition) in the second part, not surprisingly entitled "Les Structures". M. Morel shows how Rotrou's plays, with the exception of *Cyrano* and the partial exception of certain tragi-comedies, succeed in reconciling the forces of disorder, confusion, and ambiguity which have been allowed to run riot in the first four acts. He quite rightly stresses the extreme importance of suspense and surprise in Rotrou.

It is good to find that the third chapter is devoted to the stage presentation of the plays and there are some interesting things here concerning the stage sets of the period (Rotrou's taste for the splendid is shown in his emphasis and various aspects of acting technique and diction. In view of the lack of contemporary documents there are in the nature of things only conjectural, but it is right that they should be discussed. Sometimes, too, the author is successful in relating his findings to his main thesis as when he talks about the ambiguity or mystery of certain stage sets, but at other times one feels that he is straining too much to give a rather spurious unity to the results of his research.

Finally we are given an appendix on language. This appears in the rather an afterthought, as if the author had got a collection of *Jeun Rotrou* but no time to read them. As it stands it is a somewhat unhelpful addi-

tion of ironical passages and conceits, and it reveals in a raw form the compilation which is the basis of the rest of the book. Probably some such method is inevitable in thesis-writing: the trouble here is that the plays are broken down into fragments which are then put together in a different order to make up the whole and other mosaics. Never do we stay with any one play for more than about three pages.

What with this and the rather portentous impersonal style which is another feature of the genre, this thesis is not exactly compelling reading, but it does make a clear case for the interest of this theatre of ambiguity and does so without using the unnecessary term baroque—which must thrust itself insistently on anyone writing about Rotrou. What one might question is the point which M. Morel repeatedly makes, against earlier critics: that Rotrou's plays (with the exception of *Cyrano*) show the triumph of order over ambiguity, the victory of Providence over the ill-fated confusions of human life. Isn't this making too much of the fact that almost all Rotrou's plays have happy endings? It may work for *Salut* and *Le Cid*, but does it work for a conventional comedy like *Les Soties*? The ending of *Venceslas*, for instance, like the ending of such Corneille plays as *Nicomède*, is reassuring in the manner of a fairy tale and will send the average audience home with a pleasant warm feeling, satisfied at having the evening's puzzles sorted out for them. But just as it would be anachronistic to see in the early seventeenth-century predilection for complication and illusion a sort of existentialist anguish, it is also surely excessive to see in the endings which resolve the confusion an affirmation of Providence.

Luigi Pirandello: *Three Plays*. contains the Italian texts of *Sei personaggi in cerca d'autore*, *Enrico IV* and the less well-known rustic comedy *La giara*, included here as a "saggiopensieri" (233pp. Manchester University Press. Paperback 10s.). The book has been edited with notes, select vocabulary, bibliography and introduction by Felicity Firth.

